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Speeches —
Indiana Senate
Feb. 3, 1903



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SPEECHES

BY

JAMES S. BARCUS, WILLIAM R.
WOOD, THOS. J. LINDLEY
AND E. E. HENDEE

INDIANA SENATE

FEB. 3, 1903

RELATING TO

*A BILL for an act to provide a statue of
GEORGE ROGERS CLARK for the National
Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Wash-
ington, D. C., appropriating money
therefor, authorizing the Governor to
appoint a commission and to carry out
the provisions thereof, and declaring
an emergency. [Minority report favor-
ing substitution of name of Thomas A.
Hendricks.]*

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*Speech by James S. Barcus, Indiana Senate,
February 3, 1903.*

MR. PRESIDENT:

The 63rd General Assembly, with its preponderating majority, could have enacted partisan legislation with reference to the proposed statue, but, rising above partisanship, the majority of your committee on federal relations has offered the name of one who dates back of present political divisions and whose life towers above party prejudice. Let it be observed of all men, therefore, that the partisan discussion upon this occasion has been injected by the minority insisting upon a substitute report favoring a distinct partisan. I appeal to you to vote down the minority report.

The hall in which the house of representatives used to meet for deliberation has fittingly been set aside as the recipient of historic symbols, the statues of great men of the United States. In order that it might be like the Hall of Congress, itself truly representative of all parts of the United States, Congress provided by resolution, on July 2, 1864, that the president of the United States should invite the several states of the Union each to contribute two statues. Some of the statues have been placed there by the Nation, some by private contribution. For the most part the states have followed the custom of selecting at least one pioneer hero. They have also followed the custom of selecting one military hero, and one who has distinguished himself in civil life. It is, therefore, both a matter of precedent and of propriety for our State to select at least one pioneer military hero. That legislative hall of immortals coming back from the spirit world symbolized in enduring marble is already fairly representative of our national creation, growth and preservation, but it is not complete. Washington is there—the father of his country—and with him are Roger Sherman, the patriot, the signer, and Jonathan Trumbull, Washington's friend and adviser, whom he called "Brother Jonathan." John P. Muhlenberg is there, the man who left his pulpit to support Washington in arms. Ethan Allen is there, the colonel

of the Green Mountain boys. There are there Major-General George Washington and his co-workers in the Revolutionary War, so far as pertained to the original thirteen states and their territories.

Lincoln is there, and by his side are Lewis Cass, James A. Garfield, Jacob Collamer and Daniel Webster. Lincoln, the great civilian of our rebellion period, surrounded by his military cohorts; and, by the gift of Indiana to the work of that great period, another hero is there. The 61st General Assembly of the State of Indiana, in the year 1899, authorized the erection of a statue of Oliver P. Morton in Statuary Hall. The ceremonies attending the acceptance of this statue at Washington, on the 14th day of April, 1900, were imposing. Addresses were delivered by both Senators Fairbanks and Beveridge in the senate, as well as by many other United States senators, and in the house by nearly every member of the Indiana delegation. It was a proud honor to Indiana to be able to send to the silent hall of immortal representatives our own immortal war governor. It was fitting that this should be done, for what Lincoln was to the Union, Morton was to the State of Indiana. Aye, more, what Lincoln was to the Union, Morton was to the entire central west. Aye, more, what Lincoln was in achievement of union and liberty, he might not have been, probably would not have been, but for the assistance and the inspiring example of Morton. As to a contemporary hero from the civil lists Indiana has her full representation in Oliver P. Morton. Lincoln and Morton, the preservers of the Union and of this commonwealth.

Washington, though surrounded by many of his lieutenants, still lacks the company of one of them upon whose single self turned the fate of the State of Indiana. What Washington was to the Union, this man was to the State of Indiana. Aye, more, what Washington was to the Union, this man was to the territory out of which has been carved Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. Aye, more, what Washington was in crystalizing the declaration of independence into tangible substance, what Washington was in bringing the British foe to a final surrender at Yorktown, he might not have been, probably would not have been, but for the assistance of this man who wrested the northwest from the British and diverted their forces so as to make Washington's

work easier in the east, and who held the northwest in military control so that when the treaty of Paris was signed providing for the status quo according to military possession, the northwest, including the State of Indiana, became a part of the United States territory beyond any dispute, and the man who did this splendid work was the Virginia cavalier, the Indian fighter, the pioneer, the soldier, the patriot—George Rogers Clark. Let there be harmony in that silent statuary hall. Let us send Clark there so that sightseers and students of our history and of our art in this age and in succeeding ages may see the beautiful story symbolized there. Washington the father of his country, Clark the father of the great northwest. Washington and Clark, the creators of our republic; Lincoln and Morton the preservers of our republic. These four might well be picked out as the four massive columns on which to build the eternal fortress of independence, union and liberty.

This General Assembly is about to be asked for a liberal appropriation to make a proper exhibit of our resources at the Exposition in St. Louis, in 1904, to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the acquirement of the Louisiana territory. That territory was purchased for the sum of \$15,000,000, and yet we count it worth spending a large sum, perhaps \$200,000, even by this State, to celebrate the happy day when we made such a bargain. While the territory of the northwest was secured to us, not by purchase, not at cost of money, but by the heroic, persistent, patriotic purpose and effort of that matchless Revolutionary leader, George Rogers Clark, is it not worth while for us to pause and celebrate that event by the appropriate action proposed in the majority report of your Committee on Federal Relations?

As you stand in the center of statuary hall and look above the entrance, you see the magnificent marble clock done by Franzoni. There is carved a chariot whose wheels indicate the flight of time as it hurries around the globe, about which are carved the signs of the zodiac. In the chariot stands Clio, the Muse of History, with the stylus in one hand and the marble slab in the other, whereby she records the events of United States history. She must record the truth and nothing but the truth. If she could do otherwise, she would not be the Muse of History.

Whatever may be the errors of men, history never errs. It may be written wrong, but the history itself is as true as the north star. The Muse of History is but a spark from the Divinity himself, and she can not but tell the truth. Let no state or individual put upon her the necessity of recording anything of which future generations might be ashamed. When Washington was placed there, she could say he was a patriot and a great military organizer, that he suffered hardships at the Delaware and at the Brandywine, conquered the British and received the sword of Lord Cornwallis in surrender at Yorktown. When Muhlenberg was placed there, we may presume she wrote "he was a great, good man; standing in his pulpit at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, he preached a sermon of patriotism, and at the close, stepped from his pulpit exclaiming, 'there is a time for everything, a time to preach, a time to fight, and this is the time to fight,' and with dramatic effect he threw off his cloak and revealed his military uniform. He went to the field, became a general and was with Washington at the final surrender." When Ethan Allen was placed there she told of his heroic deeds; and so of Roger Williams, Jonathan Trumbull, Roger Sherman, Richard Stockton, George Clinton, Alexander Hamilton, Nathaniel Greene and the other great representatives of the people.

When Morton was placed there, three years ago, she told of his civil heroism; she wrote upon her marble slab the story of the beginning of the war. When father Abraham called for 75,000 troops Morton immediately telegraphed him that Indiana would supply 10,000, and how, in response to this patriotic call, 12,000 men had enlisted in the State of Indiana within one week, and that this was three-fold patriotism on the part of those who followed the magic lead of our splendid War Governor, for she notes in passing that our quota would have been but 4,683. She then wrote of Indiana's subsequent work in sending 150 regiments of infantry, 13 regiments of cavalry, one regiment and 25 companies of artillery and 2,130 men for the navy. She noted that this brought the aggregate of Indiana's contribution up to 210,401 soldiers, that Indiana sent her best blood, and that she was second to none either in per cent. or proficiency of service, and that the patriotism of her sons was due in a large measure to the inspiring leadership of Morton, against whom were arrayed talented and

able men who were opposed to the preservation of the Union. The Muse of History recorded that Morton took care of his soldiers, fed them, clothed them and stood responsible personally where necessary. She recorded that he was not only a great war hero, but that in the halls of congress he was a peerless statesman, and that in the executive chair he was unexcelled as the wise ruler of his state, and that he was at all times a patriot. Thus has Clio, the Muse of History, written.

What shall she write next as to the State of Indiana? If this senate should concur in the minority report, and the 63rd General Assembly should send to that hall the statue of Thomas A. Hendricks, what would the Muse say? For, remember, she must tell the truth. What is the history? For that is what she would write. And she must write the whole truth; she can not skip a portion of his life and say from there on he was a statesman and patriot, for she is not the Muse of Fiction, nor of Imagination, but she is the Muse of History. If she could skip a part she might say Hendricks was an intellectual man; that his purpose was unsullied; that he was affable and industrious in the interests of the people whom he represented; that he performed the nominal duties of vice-president in an irreproachable manner; that he was sincere in his theory of national taxation; and that his views upon other questions in a time of profound peace were prompted by an honest heart.

But thus much she could write only after skipping a portion of his life, and that she can not do; for she is the Muse of History. Should she see his statue come through the portals of that hall and see it placed upon its pedestal—another subject for her record—she would be compelled to say: "In the time of his country's need and despair, while Oliver P. Morton was straining every nerve, racking his brain and striving by almost superhuman effort to put down the rebellion, Thomas A. Hendricks was doing all that he could to keep up the rebellion." She would say that the patriotic response of the sons of Hoosier soil to the call of Lincoln and Morton was not due to the patriotism of Hendricks, but that that patriotic response was in spite of the lack of patriotism of Hendricks. She would record the sad, true fact that his great intellectuality can not be pleaded in extenuation of wrong purpose, but rather that it afforded ground for the expectation that

he would shape his course in accordance with the best interests of the people, and that this intellectuality gave to him an influence and a power of leadership so great as to increase rather than decrease his responsibility for wrong doing.

The figure over the door of that splendid hall is not the goddess of revenge. If she were, she would like no better occupation than the opportunity of writing in immutable letters the story of Hendricks' life during the war of our rebellion. But it is Clio, the Muse of History. It gives her neither pain nor pleasure to write the story as it is. There would be no vindictiveness in it when he was wrong; no exultation when he was right. It would be merely the plain, unvarnished story, that though his voice may afterwards have become the voice of Jacob, his hand was then the hand of Esau.

We may presume that in that hall of dead heroes and statesmen, they review the past from time to time, perhaps make it a reality. Perhaps they legislate over again the questions that once concerned them. If we may imagine such to be the case, what would be the opinion of all the others with reference to the State of Indiana if they should happen to take up again the burning question of Union or Secession? Would the other states not be inclined to suspect that we had sent Morton and Hendricks there to pair their votes? That Indiana stood on neutral grounds? Fellow senators, that is not the way to write history. The spirit of Hendricks might well cry out to be delivered from his friends. We are willing to spread the blanket of charity and tolerance over him, but his over-zealous and incautious friends rudely tear off the mantle and drag him into an unequal contest with our patriots before the bar of history.

When we put a statue there, let it be that of a man whose life is a lesson which might be written upon the heavens in letters of fire.

What will the Muse of History say when we place in that hall, as we shall, the statue of George Rogers Clark? Indiana sent her Morton to keep company with Lincoln for evermore, as they had been companions in a great purpose in life. Now Indiana is about to complete the record by sending to George Washington to keep company with him for evermore one who was his companion in another great purpose in life. Clark, the pioneer. It was his

prowess and daring that made Indiana. But for him, when the treaty was signed in 1783, this territory would have been a part of the province of Quebec, and could have come to the United States only by subsequent conquest or purchase, as in the case of Louisiana Territory.

George Rogers Clark was born with the spirit of adventure, and he was destined to a life of hardship. The coat of arms of the Rogers family was the Elk's head and antlers, with the motto, "Do justice and fear not." While but a boy he crossed the Alleghanies and studied Fort Necessity, Fort Pitt and Fort Duquesne, and there contemplated the work, the spirit and the ambition of Washington. Like Washington he set out as a surveyor while but a youth. He early took part in Indian warfare and became a major of the militia under Lord Dunmore in Dunmore's war.

When General Hamilton began his pernicious campaign in the west to draw off and divide Washington's forces in the east, and to make the work of Lord Cornwallis easier; when Hamilton, to do this, had resorted to the barbarous custom of offering to the Indians a premium for the scalps of white men promiscuously, and at a time when the patriots of the original states were almost in despair, the pioneer leader needed for the important work of turning the tide of victory was furnished by Him, who so mysteriously, yet so wisely, shaped the destiny of this chosen people in those dark days. George Rogers Clark stepped into the arena stripped for the combat and armed with courage and a zeal for liberty. He had personally sent spies to ascertain the military situation in the northwest. He got himself accredited to the Virginia legislature and made the journey there to ask for a commission and supplies to do the very thing which Patrick Henry and his compatriots knew was needed, and yet all but he doubted. The story of this journey from Kentucky to Virginia would do justice to knights in search of the holy grail. Footsore and weary, after hazard and escape, such as characterized Washington's journey for Governor Dinwiddie, he arrived at the capital of Virginia after the legislature had adjourned. He prayed the executive council to grant him powder and expenses to raise troops and proceed with the invasion of the northwest. The executive council, though advised by Governor Patrick Henry, had no power to

grant his request, except in anticipation of subsequent legislative ratification. They asked Clark to guarantee the expenses, which he indignantly declined to do, and so masterful was his mein and so determined his purpose to proceed with his campaign on independent lines, that they reconsidered and gave him an order on Pittsburgh for five hundred pounds of powder. The expedition was blessed with the cordial advice of Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, George Wythe and George Mason. Thus started the real work which made us a part of the Union. Clark set out with but 170 men, and after a trying journey overland and down the river, landed at Corn Island at the falls of the Ohio. There, on the day planned to cross the river into what is now this state, it so chanced that the morning awoke with an eclipse of the sun which so aroused the superstition of his men that they mutinied, but by the mastery of his leadership he succeeded in holding the most of them together, and down the river they rowed with oars double banked, displaying such vigor that a description of the journey reminds one forcibly of the galley slave scene in Ben Hur. Then they marched overland to Kaskaskia, one of the strongholds of the British where Fort Chartres was manned with sufficient force to have stayed a siege of ten times Clark's army. But by Clark's keen strategy, and by a providential intervention, he took possession without firing a shot. The British officers and French creoles were there enjoying the revelry and dissipation of a ball, like Belshazzar on the night Babylon fell. And the great Clark, like Cyrus the Great, captured the enemy by complete surprise. Before they knew they were completely surrounded and cut off from their own arms, the tall figure of this "Big Knife" chief stood on the ball-room floor, and he gazed at the merrymakers for several minutes before they noticed him. When the British and Indians realized what had happened, they were thrown into a panic of consternation; then Colonel Clark calmly told them to go on with the dance, and that they would be unmolested, only that they must remember that they were no longer dancing under the Union Jack, but under the Stars and Stripes.

Colonel Clark then sent a small detachment to Vincennes and the American flag took the place of the British flag there. The red, white and blue was hoisted for the first time on Indiana soil by men under command of Clark July 16, 1778. The British recap-

tured Fort Sackville at Vincennes December 15, 1778. Then Clark found the opportunity afforded by desperate conditions. But Clark proved himself equal to the emergency. The gravity of the situation may be partly imagined by noting the language of William H. English in that magnificent work entitled "Conquest of the Northwest." Speaking of this crisis, English says: "He was far from the source of his supplies, with a superior force and a strong fort intervening. He was destitute of money, provisions and other necessities with no possible hope of aid from any quarter. But now he displayed that great genius, strength of character and indomitable energy which ranks him with the first commanders of that period. Clark himself wrote to Governor Patrick Henry as follows: 'As it is now nearly twelve months since I have had the least intelligence from you, I almost despair of any relief sent to me. Being sensible that, without reinforcements, which at present I have hardly a right to expect, I shall be obliged to give up the country to Mr. Hamilton without a turn of fortune in my favor, I am resolved to take advantage of this present situation and risk the whole in a single battle. I shall set out in a few days with all the forces I can raise of my own troops and a few militia that I can depend upon, amounting in the whole to only 170 men. I know the case is desperate, but, sir, we must either quit the country or take Mr. Hamilton. No time is to be lost. Was I sure of reinforcements I should not attempt it. Who knows what fortune will do for us? Great things have been effected by a very few men well conducted. Perhaps we may be fortunate. We have this consolation, that our cause is just, and that our country will be grateful and not condemn our conduct in case we fall through.'"

You will observe from this that Colonel Clark was practically his own commander-in-chief and board of strategy. It was a grave responsibility which he assumed when he took the desperate leap across the prairie to settle the fate of this territory. But he had learned that because of the hard winter season, British General Hamilton, at Vincennes, had not brought on his reinforcements and did not contemplate an attack upon Kaskaskia, and he had learned that Hamilton also relied upon the severe winter to stay the progress of the Americans. It was the psychological moment to strike, and with the blessing of Father Gibault, and

amid the applause of the inhabitants whom he had so recently conquered, but who had come to respect and trust him, he set out. For the first few days of the march the small band of men of about 170 troops fared passing well. They found buffalo and deer and were on comparatively dry land; but soon they came to swollen streams and the weather turned cold. But, nothing daunted, in they plunged, and marched in the water by day with but now and then a dry spot upon which to rest at night. At the end of twelve days they came to Embarrass River. They had been in the swamps and bottoms so long that they had found no animal life. Their food supply was exhausted. They found this river impassable. They spent nearly a whole day marching down the river directly out of their course until they found a place where they could make boats to cross over. On they marched, now with scarcely a mouthful to eat—a whole army out of rations. Plunging into the wilderness for what? For the patriotic purpose of doing what they could to wrest this fair land from the tyrannical throne across the sea. And on they marched through water three and four feet deep. When sixteen days had elapsed, the little band showed signs of despair. No wonder some of the soldiers faltered. They were nearly starved. Their courage was gone. They thought the end was at hand. When they came within ten miles of Vincennes there still lay before them Horse Shoe Plain, a stretch of four miles of water waist deep. So nearly were his men beyond control that Clark was compelled to resort to different kinds of strategy to keep up their spirits. He placed a drummer boy upon the shoulders of his strongest soldier and sent to the rear of the column a detachment of his most trusted followers, who still shared his courage and strength. He then informed his troops that he had placed these guards behind and had commanded them to shoot every man that faltered. Then with words of good cheer he started a song, and sprang into the water, the soldiers taking up the chorus and following after him. They waded ice-glazed water to their necks. When they came to the other side where the water was somewhat shallower, many of the men had to hold on to trees to keep from falling over in the water. Their strength seemed entirely gone, but by good fortune some squaws and children happened along with some provisions in a canoe, which were captured, the first mouthful of food they had had for

nearly four days. But somehow the spark of life kept dimly glowing. The command was still to march on. And on they marched, until finally they came within sight of Vincennes, and there this march of one hundred and sixty miles in twenty days of humility and god-fearing trust ended in a triumph of which Caesar might well have been proud. No wonder John Randolph, of Roanoke, dubbed Clark the "Hannibal of the West." No wonder John Law says: "The United States are more indebted to George Rogers Clark than to any other general of the revolution—Washington alone excepted." No wonder John B. Dillon says that this "expedition stands without a parallel in the early annals of the Mississippi." No wonder William H. English regarded Clark as the greatest military genius who had to do with Indiana soil. No wonder Jacob P. Dunn, a thorough-going historian, says: "Of all those who preceded or followed him, La Salle is the only one who can be compared to the wonderful combination of genius, activity and courage that lifted him above his fellows." No wonder Julia S. Conklin says Clark's name "should be on the list of Indiana's honored men." No wonder Theodore Roosevelt, in his hero tales of American history, selects Clark as one of his subjects and gives to him the credit of securing to the United States the territory of the northwest which otherwise, in the language of Roosevelt, "would have remained a part of the British Dominion of Canada." In a letter to George Mason, Clark said: "If I was sensible that you would let no person see this relation, I would give you a detail of our sufferings for four days in crossing those waters, and the manner it was done, as I am sure that you would credit it, but it is too incredible for any person to believe except those that are as well acquainted with me as you are, or had experience something similar to it."

Clark was one of the gigantic light-houses that guided the mariner of our ship of state upon the dark billowy waters of doubt amid the tempest of war, and by whose warning light we have reached the haven of peace and anchored by the shore of plenty and happiness. Greater heroism was never displayed by the proudest son of any nation than that which Clark lived through right here on our own soil—our soil because he was a hero. Neither Marathon nor Thermopylae can boast a braver Miltiades or Leonidas than can Indiana her George Rogers Clark.

Horatius at the bridge would have acknowledged Clark his peer. Neither the Alps nor the Steppes of Russia presented more real barriers to Caesar and Napoleon than did the swamp lands and forests from Kaskaskia to Vincennes to our pioneer and benefactor, George Rogers Clark. The hardships and privations he endured equalled, if they did not exceed, the hardships and privations of Washington and his bare-foot troops on the frozen field of Valley Forge. Let a grateful people appreciate the fruits of it all.

Now that they had come upon Vincennes, the difficult task of making the capture still lay before a famished and exhausted little band, outnumbered by a well-fed, well-trained foe. But Clark was familiar with every art of strategy and diplomacy. He was a great general, a Cromwell to command, a Ben Franklin to persuade. If mere dogged persistency entitled men to monuments, the competitive class would be larger; but Clark had this and more. When the hour of final opportunity came, he was the man of that hour. He refused the proffered aid of the Indians. He resorted to no treachery nor flattery. He dealt in no presents or blandishments in his work with the Indians, and he took no chances on their treachery when they offered to help him capture Vincennes, but with consummate tact he informed them that he had plenty of soldiers without them. He thus made them his voluntary messengers to Hamilton. He sent to General Hamilton, by one of his own men, the following note:

Sir—In order to save yourself from the impending storm that now threatens you, I order you immediately to surrender yourself, with all your garrison, stores, etc., etc., etc. For if I am obliged to storm, you may depend on such treatment as is justly due to a murderer. Beware of destroying stores of any kind, or any papers, or letters that are in your possession; for, by heavens, if you do, there shall be no mercy shown you.
(Signed) G. R. CLARK.

This note has the ring of a Grant to a Buckner. When to this note General Hamilton gave a negative reply, Clark's men surrounded the fort at a range of some sixty yards, and, with their consummate rifle skill, began to pick off the Britishers through every port-hole of the fort. One gunner after another fell with a bullet hole in his eye. Soon a flag of truce was sent out. The parley took place at St. Xavier's Church, and there the destiny of this state was settled. Hamilton offered to surrender on certain

conditions. Clark refused, and stated as one of his reasons that he wanted to be at liberty to punish, as he saw fit, Indian partisans who had been buying American scalps. Major Hay asked him who the partisans were, to which Clark promptly replied that he regarded Major Hay as one of the chiefest of them. This bold move on Clark's part had a magic effect. Hay turned pale and fairly trembled. Then Clark, realizing that the critical moment had arrived, relented and agreed to treat the captives as prisoners of war. To make still more certain of his disciplinary power over the British troops and the citizens of Vincennes, Clark caught four Indians who were coming in with the scalps of white men to deliver to Hamilton and had them tomahawked in sight of the fort and thrown into the river. The surrender was made, and once more the flag of the Union went up on Indiana soil, February 24, 1779, never again to be hauled down. Clark then became permanently identified with the state which he created. He was austere and masterful, even cruel to the enemy where success depended upon it. He was known as the chief of the "Big Knife" troops, and yet he was most tender and tolerant. Both at Kaskaskia and Vincennes his mastery was accompanied with an assurance of freedom of worship and broad liberties, but the flag must be respected. The Indians learned to trust him. They did not look for flattery or for presents. They looked for justice, and in exchange for that, they were willing to give peace.

The story of this heroic march, with all the skillful preliminaries and with all its magnificent consequences, will look well on the tablet by the side of the story of Washington. Let not the 19th star shed less luster upon the flag of the Union than any other in our national constellation. As Lincoln's spirit rejoiced when Morton was sent to him, Washington's spirit will rejoice when George Rogers Clark is sent to him.

The point has been raised that Clark was not a resident of the State of Indiana. Virginia, Kentucky and Indiana were common soil when he began his work. He saved this part of it to the nation. He was the cause of Indiana. As well ignore the workman who builds the foundation for the house because he does not paint the window shutters as ignore Clark because he was not technically a resident when the state was finally admitted into the Union. If you wanted to send an allegorical statue there, you

could select no more appropriate design than the figure of George Rogers Clark standing under and supporting the great commonwealth of Indiana, as Atlas stands under and supports the earth. Clark resided on this soil from the time he conquered it in 1779 until about the time the state was admitted. When a decrepit man, absolutely in his dotage, he was taken across the Ohio river to be cared for by his sister. If his country had reimbursed him for the money he had actually spent out of his own means—a claim which Clark himself said “was as just as the book we swear by”—he would not have been driven to such poverty and despair, and in all human probability his years would have been lengthened far into the period of Indiana’s actual statehood. However, be that as it may, history is conclusive that at the time he crossed the river out of the state, his body and mind were both so enfeebled that his departure from this soil was not of his own volition, and we may well regard him as being constructively a citizen of the state until his death in 1818. But we are not dealing with technicalities. The importance of his work towers above such groveling distinctions. And even this technicality, if it ever existed, has been removed from the minds of the people of our state. Clark has been taken into good fellowship as a citizen of the State of Indiana. The Soldiers’ Monument Committee reported to the General Assembly of the State of Indiana, that the Indiana Society of the Sons of American Revolution had suggested, and the Grand Army of the Republic had concurred in the suggestion, that “the four foremost prominent epochs in Indiana military history be commemorated by the statue of the principal representative man of each epoch, viz.: (1) George Rogers Clark for the capture of Vincennes and the war of the revolution,” etc. And the report was officially concurred in, as witness the bronze statue at the base of that splendid monument in yonder circle.

You need have no fear but that the national congress will accept and welcome his statue in statuary hall. The intent of the law can not be taken to provide homage for one who has helped to preserve, while excluding one who has created. If we do not send him there, no other state will; for, if his identity was not such as to entitle him to that sort of recognition by the hands and hearts of citizens of Indiana, then he had no identity that would entitle him to this recognition from any other state. Others can wait a good

many years yet, and still not be so tardy of recognition at our hands as Clark. It will be 124 years this month since the flag we love was unfurled on the banks of the Wabash. We will not stand upon a technicality where the true history that the muse can write is so inspiring. If we are going to stand upon technicalities at all, let us withhold our recognition from those who do not measure up to the full stature of patriotism required according to the example set by other states. But to show the narrow absurdity of the opposition, note that other states have ignored such objections. Connecticut sent Jonathan Trumbull, though he had died in 1785, four years before there was any United States government; and Rhode Island sent Roger Williams, who had been dead a hundred years before the end of the Revolutionary War. We must send Clark to the congress of the dead, for George Washington wants him there. We must send him there because the lessons of his life will thus be accentuated and be learned by more people, and every time the heroism of George Rogers Clark is brought home to the youth, new, noble purposes are born, and new higher resolves are made. We are, therefore, not merely honoring the memory of Clark; not merely honoring our own regard for the traditions of our pioneer days, but in sending him there we are contributing an inspiration to the youth of our entire country which will result in a higher uplifting of national ideals.

Shall we send Clark or Hendricks? I am willing to leave it to George Washington. Shall we send Clark or Hendricks? I am willing to leave it to Abraham Lincoln. Shall we send Clark or Hendricks? I am willing to leave it to Oliver P. Morton. I am willing to leave it to the old soldiers of the State of Indiana. I am willing to leave it to the sense of justice lodged in the hearts of the great overwhelming majority of the people of this State. Shall we send Clark or Hendricks? I am willing to leave it to you, gentlemen of the Senate, and to our co-ordinate workers on the other side of the Capitol; willing to leave it to the members of the Sixty-third General Assembly of the State of Indiana who sit in these commodious, luxurious chambers, representatives of a great people whose happiness and prosperity are the ripened fruit borne upon the tree of liberty—planted in our soil by our benefactor, George Rogers Clark, whose motto was, as ours should be, "Do justice and fear not."

*Speech by William R. Wood, Indiana Senate,
February 3, 1903.*

MR. PRESIDENT:

I wish to speak briefly in support of the majority report and its adoption. Objection has been had from the other side that partisanship has been injected into this discussion and into the consideration of this proposed measure. Who, may I inquire, has introduced partisanship into this consideration? Certainly it was not the author who framed this bill. Certainly there is nothing in the bill itself to suggest it. Certainly the character named is not suggestive of partisanship, but is suggestive of everything else beside it. Who, may I inquire, in this assembly knows what the political affiliation of George Rogers Clark was? Was he a Democrat, or was he a Whig? We all perhaps will agree that he was not a Tory. Therefore, if partisanship has been injected into this discussion and into the consideration of this measure, was it not injected by the minority side of this body in submitting a minority report wherein they ask that the name of Thomas A. Hendricks be substituted for George Rogers Clark?

I am opposed to this substitution, not because Thomas A. Hendricks was a Democrat, but because he is not a fit subject to occupy in this historic place the niche that is set apart for an historic character from the State of Indiana.

There were Democrats who by reason of their life work earned a place in this historic gallery. Where was Thomas A. Hendricks at the time when the little giant of Illinois was standing beside the immortal Lincoln, holding his hat, and at the same time with words of cheer upholding his hands when this country was entering upon its greatest peril? Where was Thomas A. Hendricks during the four years of internal strife when the great Morton was asking for the loyal support of every loyal citizen within the confines of the State of Indiana?

We are told that Morton and Hendricks were friends while living. Is there any one who will pretend to say that during the

four and one-half years of the civil war Thomas A. Hendricks was ever called into his counsel by Oliver P. Morton?

The senator from Montgomery has read the act of Congress inviting the several states to place in this statuary hall two representatives of their illustrious dead. The only possible qualification that Thomas A. Hendricks has to occupy one of these places is that he is dead. Certainly all that he contributed to history at a time when great men were doing great deeds would not redound to his credit. There comes in the life of but few men such an opportunity to show their greatness and their goodness as came to Thomas A. Hendricks. Why he did not avail himself of it the minority may inform us, and possibly excuse him. That he did not avail himself of the opportunity is an historic fact. At the time when the cloud was the blackest, just before it was rifted and the silver lining appeared betokening the approach of a victorious ending of that great civil strife, Thomas A. Hendricks, together with a number of other conspirators in convention assembled, proclaimed that the war was a failure, that peace should be restored at any price, whether it resulted in a disruption of the Union or not. In the name of the thousands of old soldiers still permitted to be among us, I protest against this substitution. In the name of the illustrious soldier sitting upon the minority side of this house, I protest against this substitution.

What did Thomas A. Hendricks do to relieve the soldier during his long march, or during his tireless vigil? What comfort did he ever afford to the private soldier or to the general officer during all this time? Was it not he who said, "I do not intend to enter the army myself, nor will I advise any of my friends to enter it?" Is the man who would utter such words as these, when the very life of the nation was at stake, such a character as should be represented by a marble statue in the statuary hall of the nation, or would we rather place there a representation of a man who spent his entire life in trying to build up the nation, and who never did a single thing in attempt to tear it down—a man, who, for thirty years battled against savage foes and foreign foes, against the elements and of nature itself hew out of this great Northwest Territory the proud State that we now boast as our commonwealth, and who lived within its confines until the ravages of disease had so beclouded his mind and so weakened his body that he was no longer

his former self, and until a goodly sister, living in the adjoining state of Kentucky, came and gathered him to her arms, carried him to the home that he had provided for her, and there ministered with a loving sister's care until death gave surcease to the troubled body that had fought so long and so valiantly for his countrymen, a patriot ever, an enemy of his country, never.

We will not abuse the opportunity that is afforded us. We will not place beside Morton the statue of a man who did nothing to uphold his hand and give him comfort during the long war of the rebellion. We will not place there a man who sought to destroy rather than to uphold the Union, but we will place there a statue of one of the greatest historic characters that the world has ever known.

It is said that he was not a citizen. If that be true, we will adopt him now, for so closely is his name intermingled with all that is great and good in this commonwealth that there is no one who will deny his citizenship, and all our assembly should be proud to honor it, for, in doing this thing, he is honoring himself more than he can honor the memory of this mighty dead.

*Speech by Thos. J. Lindley, Indiana Senate,
February 3, 1903.*

MR. PRESIDENT:

It had not been my purpose to speak on the pending measure, until I have been requested to do so by some of my comrades. I can not express the pleasure it gives me to listen to the eloquent words of the young senators who have preceded me in this discussion; those whose only knowledge of those trying days of the civil war has been gleaned from books or through stories of the war as related by soldier sires.

There are a dozen ex-Union soldiers who are members of this body who lived in those troublous times, and whose bodies bear evidence of having passed through war's ordeal. I have an abiding faith in the present generation—in the young men of today. There is more patriotism to the square inch throughout our land than in any previous period of our country's history.

Under provision of an act of Congress the statue of Indiana's great war governor, Oliver P. Morton, has been placed in the capitol at Washington, D. C. There yet remains one vacant place which, under the pending resolution, it is proposed shall be filled with the statue of the renowned George Rogers Clark. To this proposal our Democratic friends on the minority side of this chamber object, and move to substitute the name of Thomas A. Hendricks.

The senator from Floyd suggests that if the name of George Rogers Clark shall be selected, some citizen of Indiana may at some time be embarrassed by the question, "Who was he?" In order that the senator may be fortified against such an emergency, I refer him for answer to the boys and girls of our common schools.

The senator from Montgomery charges that Republicans are playing the part of "ghouls" in tearing from the grave the corpse of Mr. Hendricks and placing it upon public exhibition.

The senator commits a grievous error. If Republicans could have their way there would be no resurrection either here or

hereafter for him or such as he. Personally, I shall say that it would be a relief to me never again to hear his name uttered.

Mr. President, why do we build monuments and carve statues? I answer, to commemorate deeds. The first query of the traveler when viewing a monument or statue is, "To whom is it reared?" The second, "What did he do?" The traveler from a foreign land visiting the city of Washington, in pointing to the monument bearing that name, inquires, "What great deeds did he perform that his countrymen should pile polished stones to the skies to perpetuate his memory?" Any patriotic citizen is proud of an opportunity to answer the question. At Springfield, Illinois, is a beautiful monument pointing heavenward known as the Lincoln Monument. Should one by chance be found so ignorant as not to know what deeds Lincoln did for humanity, all true Americans will delight to recount the story of his matchless life.

A short distance eastward from that beautiful temple stands the most magnificent monument in the world, erected to commemorate the heroic deeds of more than 200,000 of the sons of the proud Hoosier State. Are you asked what noble deeds of daring did they perform that the people should pour out their precious treasures to build a memorial so costly? I answer, go to every cemetery in our broad land, North and South, and you will find the sleeping place of those who died "for me and you, good friends; for me and you."

There is not a hill or valley in the sunny Southland but that has been drenched by the blood of those who died a vicarious offering.

Within the very shadow of that great monument is a modest statue of a modest man, whose firm purpose and iron hand saved Indiana to the Union, despite the efforts of the satellites of Thomas A. Hendricks to plunge us "into the vortex of secession."

What did Morton do? To acknowledge ignorance is shameful.

Mr. President, is it not unwarranted presumption in the minority with this array of glorious precedents before them to even suggest the name of "Thomas A. Hendricks" as a suitable subject for a statue to occupy a place beside Oliver Perry Morton in the nation's gallery? Before they are permitted to perform this sacrilegious deed, have we not a right to demand of them "what deeds while living are placed to his credit that, now he is dead, shall entitle him to be remembered—aye, to be honored—above his fellow-men?"

I challenge the Democratic minority to answer. I offer to suspend my remarks while you regale this honorable body with a recital of the public services of this man whom you affect to count worthy of this great distinction. Your profound silence is most eloquent. You sit speechless while your hero's public record is challenged.

Thomas A. Hendricks is not the name of a benefactor of his country or his race. Thomas A. Hendricks was not the friend of the boys who wore the blue, of those who fell at Gettysburg, Shiloh, Stone's River, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, or starved in Andersonville or fell upon the fatal deadline pierced by a rebel bullet.

We did not reckon as our friend a man who, during the most trying hour of that fratricidal struggle, could join in chanting the chorus proclaiming the "war a failure." A man who at the safe distance from the firing line could proclaim with supreme composure that, as he did not himself "enlist in the army to assist in subjugating our Southern brethren, he would not advise any one else to do so." No vote of mine shall ever be cast in favor of doing honor to the memory of such a character.

The senator from Montgomery asserts that Morton and Hendricks were friends. Possibly this is true, as only upon the ground of friendship can we understand why Governor Morton interposed his hand to save the life of Hendricks from the hands of the infuriated Union soldiers when at home on veteran furlough when they were about to hang him for disloyalty. This is history. Has it been forgotten? If so, it should not be.

I shall vote to perpetuate the memory of the great pioneer, George Rogers Clark.

*Speech by E. E. Hendee, Indiana Senate,
February 3, 1903.*

MR. PRESIDENT:

When we consider the antecedent and historical facts making up the early days of Indiana, we are forced to the conclusion that Democracy has no name suitable to be placed in America's Hall of Fame at Washington. If an early pioneer is fit only for that place, indeed Republicanism has no name, for it was not until 1856 that the Republican party was born.

The modern space is filled. Oliver P. Morton is great and grand and glorious enough to fill that space allotted to Indiana, or any other space where is proper the name of a great American.

I do not like to rake over the ashes of a dying fire, but I know Indiana will not sustain us, and we will not put in that rotunda any man who tried to tear the star of Indiana from the flag of the Union.

We are to go, then, to the early days, and, going there, we find a man, though less than twenty-seven years of age, doing one of earth's sublimest and most lasting deeds—fit to be remembered when are told the deeds of the heroes of all time.

Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans, at Thermopylae, doing and gloriously dying for the freedom of Greece; Arnold Von Winkleried, doing and gloriously dying for the freedom of Switzerland; George Washington at Valley Forge and Jean Paul Jones on sea, doing and gloriously living for the freedom of America; General Thomas, the Rock of Chickamauga, and gallant Phil Sheridan, bringing victory at Winchester, doing and gloriously living and preserving the Union that freedom might forever have a home.

Ah, all these men and all these deeds were glorious. They have lived thousands of years, and will live thousands more; aye, they will live so long as liberty has lips and freedom a voice.

But glorious as were these deeds, Indiana can point to Vincennes and say, behold Col. George Rogers Clark, behold his deed—there,

there is our hero, worthy to stand beside them all. I say unto you that, in importance of enterprise, in battling for freedom's cause, in magnitude of results, in skill and bravery of leader and men in vicissitude heroically endured, Clark's retaking of Vincennes ranks as the climax of great and heroic things in Indiana and in the hearts of Indianians.

He gave to freedom, to our fathers, to us and to our children, the State of Indiana.

We find that the French then living in Vincennes helped Clark's army of 170 to capture the fort. In this time of possible foreign war over the never-ending complications in Venezuela, it is interesting to note and remember that the French of old Vincennes were friends to the cause of freedom, and Clark's little army was the army of freedom; so today if England and Germany and Italy push us into war, we may again look to France, and we will not look in vain, for that old love of freedom burns in the heart of France, even as burns the same love in the heart of America.

So let us today throw about the statue of Clark in the Rotunda of Fame the stars and stripes of the United States, which is the flag of Indiana, and we will defy the army of time and the ravages of years to touch a hair of the fame—the immortal fame—of George Rogers Clark.





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